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The oldest and most reliable Agency in the
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He treats chronic or long standing disease
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Pills from impure blood. Office two doors east of
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OFFICE—R. F. HENRY'S Drug Store, south
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KIRKSVILLE, MO

Office—over First National Bank.

P. F. GREENWOOD, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

KIRKSVILLE, - MISSOURI.
OFFICE—Opposite Post Office, over Dr.
Gowen's office.

J. S. MCCARTY ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

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OFFICE—Over Ferguson's Grocery store.

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OFFICE—In Blackman's Music
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Pensions, Bounties and all other claims
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promptness; also notary public. Pensioners
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handles nothing but the Best Material and
sells only for cash at the lowest prices. North
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Gold work special-
ly. Guaranteed
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at reasonable prices.
No pain in extract-
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lands in Adair county.

MR. W. J. ASHLOCK has charge of the ab-
stract department, and his known ability in
that line is an absolute guaranty that good
work will be done; we have the complete set
of abstract books formerly owned by Smith &
Patterson. Come and see us when you need
an abstract. We have a large list of real estate
including a large quantity of unimproved
lands, which are on the market; terms to
suit purchasers. Price list will be sent on ap-
plication.

W. M. OWENS,
Office over Post-office.

—THE— BEAUTY OF THE FOOTLIGHTS

BY HENRY DALE.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE WAGES OF SIN.

"No, no, no," cried Eva, clinging
closer to her lover; "I will not—I
will not be his wife."
"Eva, Eva, my child," screamed
the mother, "do you intend to
murder me? Think of the two
hundred thousand he's to give me
and I can go to Long Branch yet
this season."

"Madame," interrupted Mr.
Smart from Texas, with a snort.
"He couldn't settle two hundred
cents on you. He is an improvi-
dent scoundrel, and it was your
own money he intended buying
your daughter with."

"Are you going to turn traitor
to me," roared Barnes, turning
white with rage.

"No, but I intend to expose you.
You fraud, don't you know I never
was on your side?"

Barnes in his desperation, had
drawn a dagger, but the police-
man who was near seized him and
wringed it from his hand.

"Put hand cuffs on him, he will
need 'em before we are through
with him," said Mr. Smart from
Texas. And before the miscreant
could comprehend what they were
about his hands were firmly en-
caged by wristlets of steel.

"What does this indignity
mean?" demanded Mrs. Potter.

"Wait lady, until you hear what
I have to say. You are the most
deluded woman that has ever
come under my observation. An-
swer some questions, will you,
and I will set you right on certain
things."

"What are they?" she demanded
sharply.

"Was your father's name Solo-
mon Jones, of Texas?"

"It was."

"He was a rich cattle raiser,
was he not?"

"He was, but he disinherited
me because I married Joseph Pot-
ter, and I've not heard of him for
a great many years. I wrote to him
several months ago when I was in
distress at Boston, but he never
answered my letter."

"It was because he was dead and
your letter was mislaid," said the
lawyer with a snort. "Now I've
got some news for you. Your
father died two years ago and left
property worth over three mil-
lions. Before he died, but only a
few weeks before, he made another
will. It seems that he had
repented having disinherited you
and your husband, who was a
good man he said. Now that he
had learned that Potter was dead
he made all the bulk of his great
fortune over to his grand child,
his only grand child, mind you,
Eva Potter, and a small moiety to
yourself."

"Not even enough to spend a
season in Long Branch?" said
Mrs. Potter regretfully, "but my
son-in-law is to settle two hun-
dred thousand dollars upon me—"
"He is not your son-in-law,
madame, and he can't settle his
board bill. All the money he has
had for a month is what he has
stolen from your daughter under
the false idea that she was his
wife. That scoundrel," pointing
to the cowering, trembling wretch,
"belonged to the company which
your daughter joined. He quick-
ly learned her name and a part of
her history. One day he saw an
advertisement of my own for the
heirs of Solomon Jones, Miss Eva
Potter and her mother Margaret
Potter."

"At once the scoundrel entered
into a correspondence with me,
and under pretence of being a
friend of theirs got all the infor-
mation from me. Then he laid his
plan to marry the heiress, and it
was by this marriage that he in-
tended getting the money for the
mother, which he doubtless would
never have assigned to her. He
was even so bold as to consummate

a marriage or what, but for a for-
tunate accident, might have been
a legal matrimonial entanglement.
Then as the bride refused to live
with him until the settlement was
made upon her mother, he sought
by every device to induce me to
turn over the sum of two hundred
thousand dollars to him. But I
became suspicious of him and
came on myself to ascertain the
condition of my clients. It took
no little time for me to work it
out, but I did. I learned from
this magistrate that the marriage
was not legal, and knowing that
Miss Potter detested the scound-
rel, I determined to save her."

"He made an effort to abduct
her under the hope that she would
consent after such desperate mea-
sures to live with him as his wife
but you all know this failed."

"Free, free from that monster!"
cried Eva, wringing her hands for
joy.

Mrs. Potter was too much amaz-
ed by all that she had heard to
speak at first, but realizing it all
at last, she groaned:

"All is lost; he has no money
and I can never go to Long
Branch."

"Yes, yes dear mother," cried
Eva, hastening to her side, "the
money is mine and you shall live
at your ease henceforth; never
fear, mother, you shall suffer no
longer."

"Eva didn't you love Mr.
Barnes?"

"No, no, mother, I despised
him."

"But you would have come to
love him. He was such a perfect
gentleman."

"Oh, mother, how can you say
that! Did you not hear what the
lawyer said, and from that you
must admit that he is a villain."

"It must be that he was," she
answered sadly.

"Now that you have done all
that you can against me, that you
have ruined my game, why not re-
lease me?" said Barnes who sat in
one corner of the room hand-cuffed
and guarded by the police-
man.

"You will find yourself answer-
ing to a charge of attempted em-
bezzlement," said the lawyer, "and
I can assure you Mr. Barnes, that
I have looked very carefully into
the proofs, and that you will rub
the penitentiary very close."

At this moment other footsteps
were heard approaching the door
of the apartment and Billy Oaks
and a stranger entered.

"Is this Nathan Barnes?" asked
the stranger, on the lapel of whose
coat there was a very suspicious
looking star.

"That's he," answered Mr.
Smart.

"Well, Mr. Barnes, I arrest you
for murder."

"Murder!" he shrieked in his
fine tragical voice.

"Yes sir for murder."

"Who have I killed?"

Though his boldness and auda-
city and had not quite all left him,
yet there was enough doubt and
uneasiness in his manner to make
him tremble with apprehension.

"Jack Buel, a member of the de-
fective force."

"Who says I did? They lie."

"Here's a man who saw you."

The detective pointed to Billy
Oaks who stood near the door.

"What! Billy Oaks, have you
gone back on me?" he cried, his
face white with agony.

"Yes, Nathan I could stand any-
thing in reason, but when you
tempted that poor girl and dipped
your own hands in blood, it was
asking too much to expect that I
should longer keep your secrets."

"My secrets! I never told you
that I shot the detective on the
common, under the big oak. No-
body ever heard me say I had
done it. I will swear to that."

"But I saw you."

"Saw me?"

"Yes, saw you fire directly at the
officer as he was trying to arrest
you under the tree, and saw him
fall. When you were gone I went
up to him and found the officer
quite dead."

For a moment Barnes glared at
him furiously. His eyes dilated

until they seemed to almost start
from their sockets, and the white
froth issued from his mouth.

"Curse you all," he cried, striv-
ing with might and main to break
the handcuffs upon his hands. "I
have played for a high stake and
lost. But Louis Carroll, you shall
not win. Curse you. I will yet
break these shackles and throttle
you while you sleep. Oaks, you
miserable contemptible car, you
have sold my life, I will have
yours for it."

Then he fell to struggling like a
madman to break his irons. The
Officers tried to hold him, but he
seemed to possess the strength of

a dozen men and tossed them
about as if they had been so many
children, until the policeman qui-
eted him by a blow from his billy.

"We've had quite enough of
him; take him away," said Mr.
Smart, with a very significant
snort. "The jail is the safest place
I know of for him; and don't be
slow to lodge a complaint against
him for murder."

As he was being dragged from
the room the miserable wretch,
having in a great measure recov-
ered from the blow dealt him by
the policeman, turned upon Louis
Carroll and hissed:

"I have tried four times to kill
you, once with the sword, next by
poison, and twice with bullets;
now I only ask for one more effort
to take your life, and then will I
peacefully and contentedly go to
perdition."

"Take him away," cried Smart,
and they hurried off with him.

Then the Texas lawyer turned
upon Mrs. Potter and her daugh-
ter and said:

"Now ladies, I've got quite a
big lot of property; most of it in
actual hard cash, ready to turn
over either to you or your legal
representative. The sooner I get
rid of this the better, for to tell ye
all the truth, I've spent about as
much time around here as I con-
veniently can. I've got a big case
in Galveston. I'm ready now to
make a settlement with anybody
and turn over a cool three mil-
lion."

"This is my agent," said Eva,
laying her hand on Louis.

"Eva, had you not better select
some lawyer or some other person,
expostulated Louis.

"If a lawyer is wanted, employ
one," and she turned away.

"But think how irresponsible—"
"I will trust no one else. You
gave me means for a competency
and you alone will I entrust it to."

"She's right; she couldn't put
her business in better hands, de-
clared Mr. Smart.

"When shall I call on you for a
settlement?" asked Louis.

"To-morrow."

That night the company played
again, and Eva appeared as usual.
By some means the news had got
out that the little actress and fa-
vorite of the entire city, had fallen
heir to an immense fortune, and
the house was packed to its utmost
capacity.

"Oh Louis, I am so glad that I
shall be able to make money for
you now and repay you for all you
have done for me."

He did not speak of love then;
it was too early.

Next morning the newspapers
contained the news of the death
of Nathan Barnes, who died in a
convulsion in his cell that night.
When Eva learned it she sighed:
"The wages of sin is death."

CHAPTER XXXII.

A MARRIAGE ON THE STAGE—CON-
CLUSION.

Louis waited on the lawyer
from Texas and they soon arrang-
ed matters for Eva and her moth-
er. A few thousand dollars were
left by the will in trust for Mrs.
Potter, to be put in the charge of
any trustee whom Eva her daugh-
ter might mention.

"You see that old Sol. Jones
was a very long headed old man,"
said Mr. Smart. "He knew that
Mrs. Potter was a weak mortal,
and not one to be entrusted with
money at all. He also knew what
her daughter was, and has really

put the whole thing in her hands."
The settlement was easily made.
Drafts on New York were depos-
ited in the bank subject to Miss
Eva Potter's order, to the amount
of three millions.

The remainder was subject to
her mother's trustee whom she
should appoint.

That evening as they sat in the
green room dressed for the play
and waiting for the hour for the
curtain to arise, Louis apprised
her of what he had done and ask-
ed:

"Who will you select for your
mother's trustee?"

"Yourself."

"Eva, will you not entrust your
business to some one else?"

"No."

He was about to speak further,
but at this moment the prompter's
bell rang, and the call boy said:

"All ready—clear stage," and in
a moment more they were before
the footlights bowing to an enthu-
siastic audience, that was cheering
as if it would go mad.

The play went on, and both
seemed on this night, as they had
on every other occasion, to win
new laurels.

After the play was over and
they were on their way to the
hotel, Eva said:

"We must call on poor Myrtle
to-night."

"We will," Louis answered.

"How is she?"

"Sinking rapidly."

"Poor girl, I have been so busy
in this other business, that I had
almost forgotten her."

They went at once to the apart-
ment of the invalid, and found her
propped up on pillows, looking
very pale and weak. There was a
hectic flush upon her cheek, and
her breath seemed quite short.

She was awake, late as was the
hour, and greeted them with a
smile. Her nurse smoothed her
pillows for her, kissed her pale
brow, and begged that she would
not excite herself.

"Come here and sit close to me,"
the poor girl whispered, for now
she could scarce talk above a
whisper.

They did so, and she took a
hand of each, and gazing into
their eyes for a few moments,
with a warm sympathy she said:

"I have heard it all; I know
everything."

"Don't talk—don't excite your-
self dear Myrtle," said Eva.

"I will not, I only have a few
words to say. I want to ask a fa-
vor of both of you, will you grant
it?"

"Certainly, Myrtle," Louis an-
swered.

"Yes, dear Myrtle, anything
you ask we will be only too glad
to do for you," said Eva, tears com-
ing in her eyes.

With what feeble strength she had
she drew them still nearer, and
joined their hands, then placing a
weak arm above each she said:

"Oh, I love you both so much
that I—I know your secret. I
want to see you married before I
die. It must be soon, very soon
soon, for I am going fast. Let it
be to-morrow night just after the
play. I want to see my old favor-
ite play once more; let me lie in
the box, and when the play is over
be carried to the stage, where I
can kiss the bride. Oh, grant me
this request."

Louis exchanged glances with
Eva. Her eyes filled with tears
and her hand in his trembled.

"I cannot refuse your request,
Myrtle," he said.

Then she pressed Eva for an an-
swer, and she also consented.

It was a strange betrothal at
the bed of a dying friend. Louis
pressed his lips to the girl he had
so wildly, madly loved, and then
both kissed the pale, sweet Myrtle
who had been such a true and
faithful friend to them.

The paper next day stated that
the evening's entertainment at
the theater was to terminate with
a wedding. The building was
crowded to suffocation. They play
was an old favorite of Myrtle's
chosen by herself. It was "Ar-
mand or the Peer and the Peas-
ant."

Myrtle lay on her couch in the

box, and listened to the voices she
loved so well as they went through
their parts every line of which
was familiar to her.

The orchestra seemed to dis-
course sadder, sweeter music than
usual, there was a tender pathos
in the voices of the players, and
more than a thousand eyes were
turned in pity upon the pale,
patient girl lying on her couch.

When the last scene had con-
cluded, the prompter stepped out
from behind the curtain and in-
formed the audience that a wed-
ding would now take place. Mr.
Louis Carroll was to become the
husband of Miss Eva Potter.

Their sad, romantic story was
known in almost every household
and the audience rose as one per-
son and gave prolonged cheers.

Then the drop curtain rose for
the last time, and a brilliant draw-
ing room scene was revealed to
the audience. There were chairs
arranged for every member of the
company, and an invalid's chair
for the sick girl. She was carried
to it, and all the company came
and took their places. A minister
came and took his position before
them.

Then entered Louis and Eva
and joined hands. A solemn hush
fell upon the scene as the good
man offered up a prayer. The
ceremony was performed and be-
fore congratulations were extended
to others, bride and groom stoop-
ed and kissed the invalid girl ly-
ing in her chair. Then the great
curtain came down.

The next day Myrtle's soul took
its everlasting flight from this
frail tenement of clay.

Mrs. Potter insisted on being
sent east to Long Branch and was
sent by her son-in-law whom she
came at last to regard as a pretty
fine kind of a fellow after all.

Louis and Eva took a month's
rest from the stage; partly to spend
their honeymoon moon, and partly
out of respect for their departed
friend. They were one evening
discussing what their future
course would be.

"I have plenty of money for us
all our lives," said Eva. "But I
love our profession more than
money, and if you will consent we
shall pass our lives on the stage."

She had sounded a chord which
found a response to his own de-
sire. And they determined to live
for the stage, charity, humanity,
and each other.

One week in their wanderings,
they came to a small town where
they halted to spend a few days. A
small company was playing at the
little theatre. They went to see
the play, and were astonished to
recognize in the leading lady An-
gelina Hatfield.

The month over, they went to the
city where Louis Carroll's theatre
was, and met nearly all their old
company, and many new members
where they permanently organized
a company for a tour in the East.

We need not take up further
time in telling of Eva's successes.
They were so grand that with her
husband she crossed the Atlantic,
and for two seasons starred in
Europe. She was admired by all
who saw her and loved by all
who knew her. And yet she never
forgot those dark, trying days of
her first adventures before the
footlights.

(THE END.)

This is important to nine out of
ten people; Old Saul's Catarrh
Cure is easily applied and will
cure the worst cases of Catarrh.

Remarkable Rescue.

Mrs. Michael Curtin, Plain-
field, Ill. makes the statement
that she caught cold, which settled
on her lungs; she was treated for
a month by her family physician,
but grew worse. He told her she
was a hopeless victim of consump-
tion and that no medicine could
cure her. Her druggist suggested
Dr. King's New Discovery for
Consumption; she bought a bottle
and to her delight found herself
benefitted from first dose. She
continued its use and after taking
ten bottles, found herself sound
and well, now does her own work
and is as well as she ever was. Free
trial bottles of this Great Discovery
at B. F. Henry's Drugstore,
large bottles 50c. and \$1.00.

School Reports.

Fourth monthly report of the
Elm Grove school commencing
Nov. 3, and ending Nov. 28, 1890.
Number of scholars enrolled dur-
ing the month 48; number of days
attended by all 762; average daily
attendance 38; average number of
days attended by each pupil 15;
number of days taught 20. Names
of those present each day during
the month are: Emma and Elsie
Anderson, Bertie and Mollie
Danielson, Arthur and Janey Bo-
zarth, Charley Novinger, Lena
Swi her, Edward, Daniel and Alvie
Megrew. Visitors, Mr. J. B.
Hammon and Mr. Riggins.

J. W. GILLUM, Teacher.

Second monthly report of Go-
pher Hill school, for the month
commencing November 3d and
ending November 28; number of
pupils enrolled 43; number of days
attended by all pupils 607; average
number of pupils attending each
day 33; average number of days
attended by each pupil 15; num-
ber of days taught 20. Roll of
honors: Eva and Florence Wandel,
Edna Woods, Elmer, Bertha, and
Lily Livingston, Olive Patterson,
Emma Mitten, Manda Patterson,
Johnie Rhoads, Grace and Minnie
Eversall, Etta and Minnie Bara-
hart, Alva Callison, Laura Liv-
ingston, Mollie and Lizzie Pink-